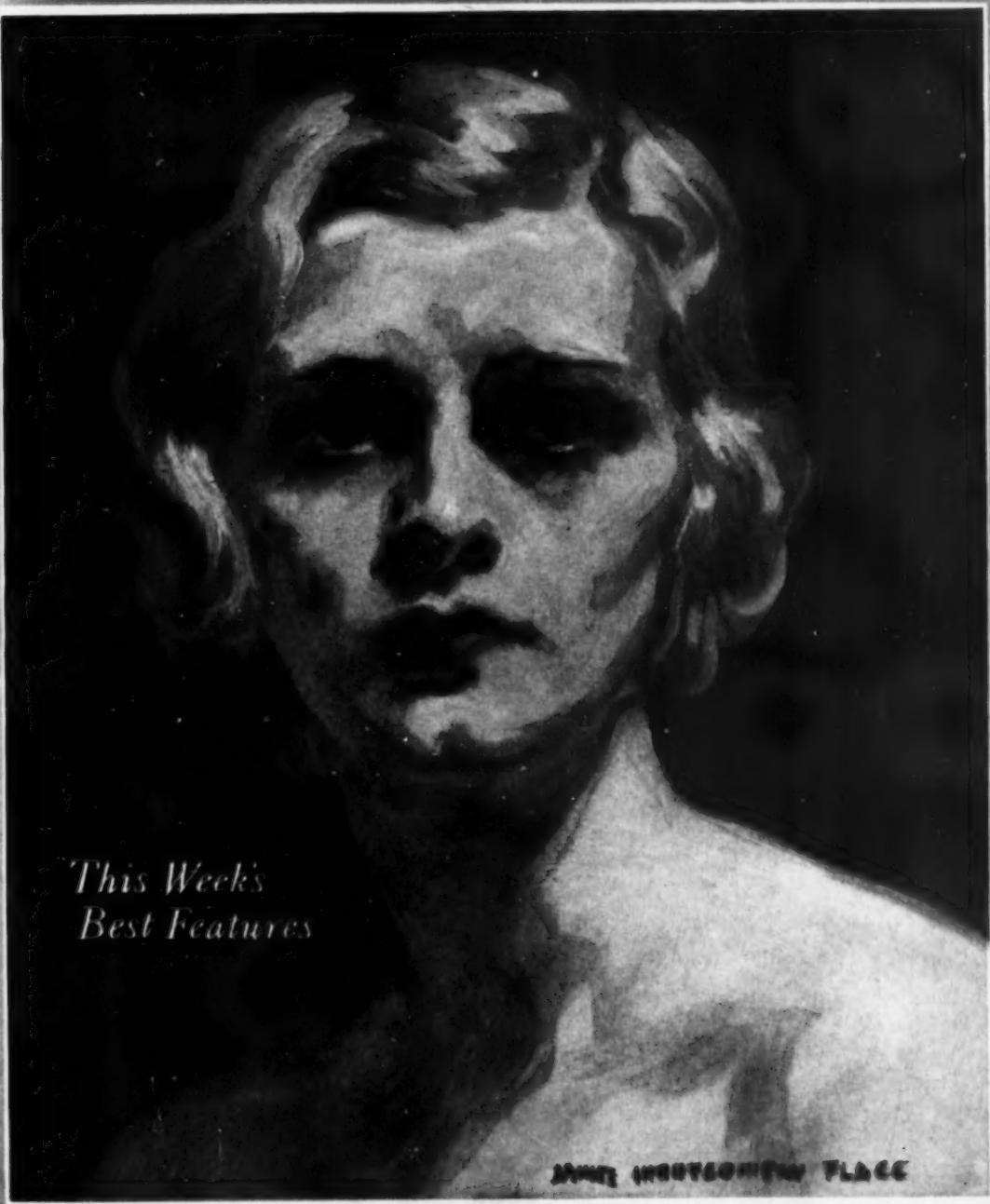


Life

February 28, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS



*This Week's
Best Features*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

James Montgomery Flagg's Conception of the Ideal American Beauty

DO YOU KNOW A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS?
See Page 30



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February 28, 1930

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Oh, Yeah!

. . . Station B-O-O-P of New York City . . . Elmer Callady, announcing . . . and while the boys of the orchestra are taking a little rest and a cigarette, I'll read a few of the requests which have come in.

. . . Emma Happy just called and asked the boys to play "Sonny Boy," "Little By Little" and "Nearer My God To Thee."

. . . Telegram from Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Quentie of Spokane and they would like to hear "Vagabond Lover" and "St. Louis Blues."

. . . Several people have phoned in and asked for Charlie Smithy to sing "Singing In The Rain" and "More Than You Know."

. . . Charlie D. Romney of Duluth wires that the program is coming in fine, and wants to hear "Love Me" and "Why Was I Born."

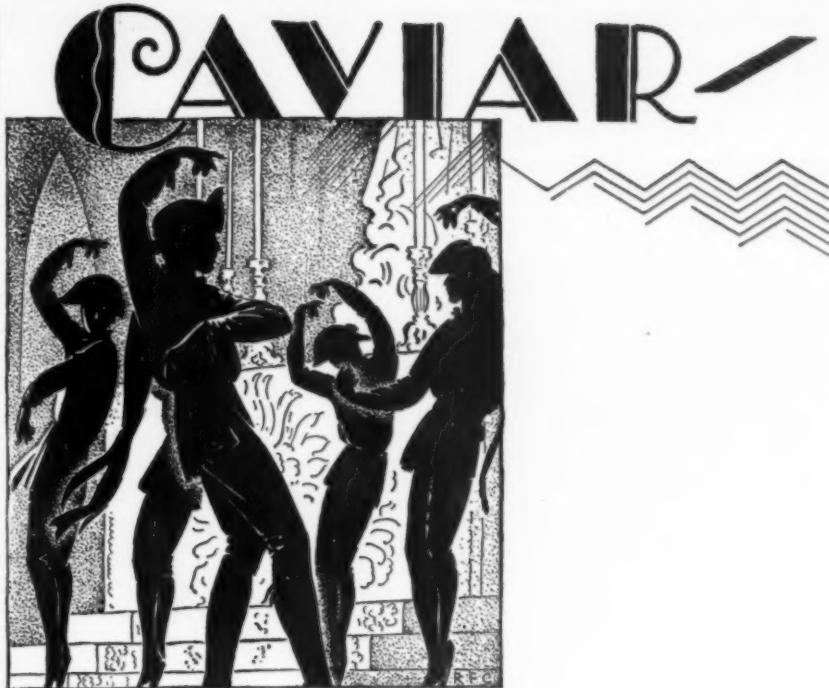
. . . We have a telegram from Tulsa, signed Mary, Ned, Joe, Ollie and Mike. They want to hear "Making Believe," "Some Of These Days" and "Singing In The Bathtub."

. . . John Laurey just longdistanced from Miami and wants to hear "Turn On The Heat," "You Wonderful You" and "Blue Croon."

. . . The boys have all come back to their instruments again, and for their next and concluding group of numbers will play, "Sweeter Than Sweet," "Without A Song" and "A Little Kiss Each Morning." . . .

Jean Bagatelle and His Honey Boys playing "Sweeter Than Sweet."

—ed. graham.



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Please send me the information offered in your "Caviar" advertisement in "Life."

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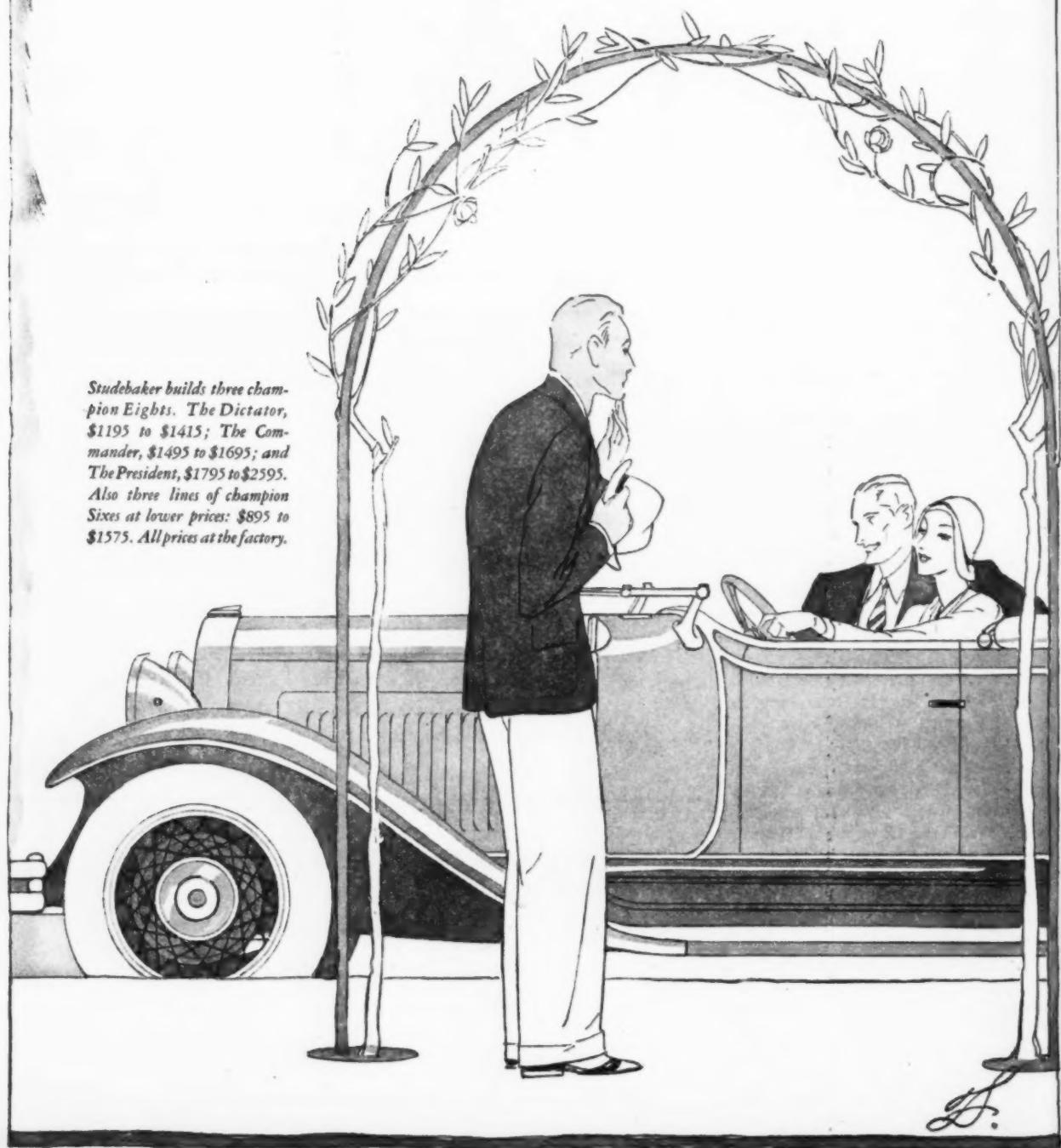
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"Well, well! Good old Algy; answer to every maiden's prayer et cetera—and all alone. How come?"

"Competition too keen, these days—you don't rate a date without an eight."

YOUTH calls to youth through the medium of Studebaker's Champion Eights. Youthful in styling, in pace and in their unflagging zest for adventure, they are deservedly the companions of youth—and the spirit that never grows old. Put yourself behind the wheel of a Studebaker Eight. No matter what pace your fancy may dictate, you will be drawing but lightly on the capabilities of the car which holds the greatest of world, international and American speed and endurance records. Every hour will bring a new appreciation of the resources of this World Champion Car—resources which years of service cannot exhaust.

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9 mm. Luger, 8-inch barrel	\$30.00
New Bergmann Auto. .25 Cal.	9.50
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This advertisement appeared in Outdoor Life

**Disarmament
Begins at Home!**

Scott Shots

One good thing about a story told over the radio is that you can always give it a happy ending by simply turning the dial.

Girls don't believe in love at first sight any more, but some of the more old-fashioned ones believe in love at first marriage.

Something we'd like to see in action would be a hit-and-run golfer.

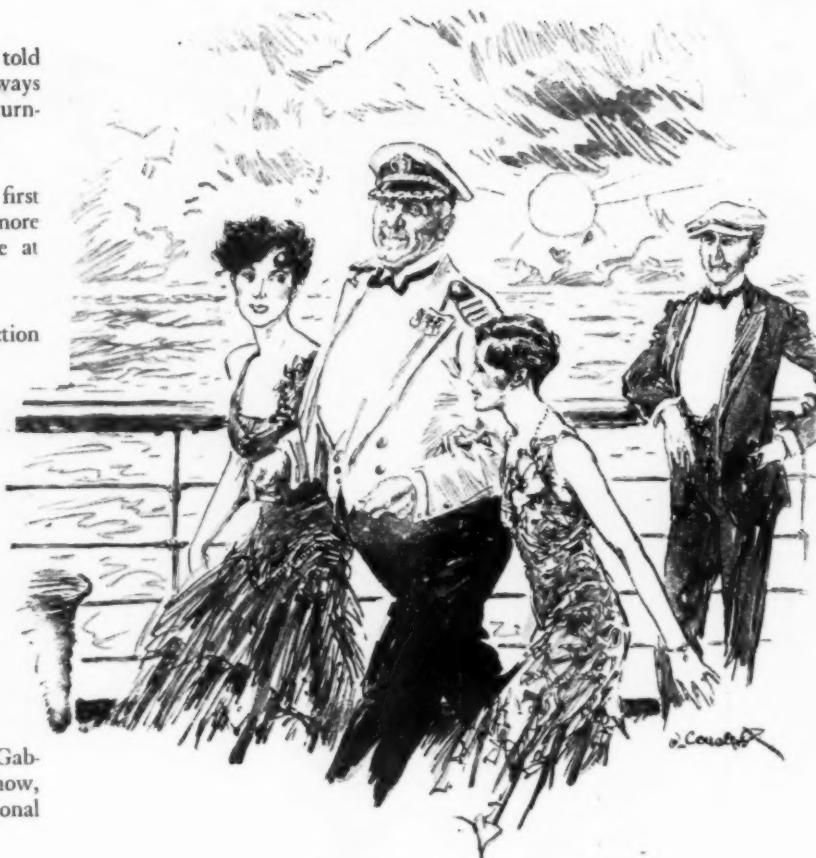
You can't keep a good janitor down cellar.

Our guess is that even if war is abolished, you'll still be able to get some if they know you.

Never count your chickens before they're hatched or your cars before the installments are paid.

It wouldn't do much good for Gabriel to blow his trumpet right now, unless he could be sure of a national hook-up.

Every tabloid editor must feel now and then that the game is hardly worth the scandal. —W. W. Scott.



"What does four bells mean?"
"Three cocktails."

Great American Institutions

Cloze Closets
Chimineez
Cold Storidge Aigs
Heavy Undewear

A New Yorker is a man who gets acquainted with his next door neighbor by meeting him down in Florida.

It's nice to have silent Cal. writing for our magazines, but we'd rather have him announcing for our radios.

The next big fight will probably be called The War to End War Stories.

Golden wedding celebrations are usually joyous occasions because, as a rule, the happy couple is out of debt by then.



"Oh, that we two were maying!"

Mutiny

Terror dominated the little prison town. What had once been a peaceful little hamlet was now a grim, tragic Black Hole of Calcutta with the dread fear of death imprinted upon it.

A few hours ago everything had been subdued and quiet. The prisoners in the massive, well-appointed state prison had been docile and contented. They had been looked upon as the model prisoners of the country.

Then suddenly mutiny broke out. A line of prisoners going to their cells broke line and dashed for a section of the outer wall. A shot rang out. The riot was on.

A prisoner had received a rejection slip from the American Mercury!

—A. S.

Except Peggy Joyce

"Do you believe in large families?"

"No. Two or three husbands are enough for any woman."

Taxi Theme Song

Revised: There's a broken fender for every light on Broadway.



SONG WRITER: *What the hell is that?*

Half Way Through College

He has his Aunt Mathilda's way of talking,
He got his tawny hair from Uncle Ned.
It's plain he is a Poe to see him walking,
He's got the Dalton eyes, the Higgins head.

He runs to heavy features like his brother,
In stature he resembles Cousin Tad.
He got his teeth and eyebrows from his mother—
And several thousand dollars from his dad! —P. C.

Indeed

Prohibition: The kind of a ban that men forgot.

Cordial Reception

Coast Guard version: Dead men sell no ales.



GUEST: *Have you read anything good lately?*



ARCHEOLOGIST OF 3000 A. D.: *Whew, Professor! We ought to reach street level pretty soon!*

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

Grips

THE quiet calm of dusk hung over the marble beauty of White-panel. In the coconut palms on its lawns birds were chirping goodnights to one another. On the terrace overlooking the lake, Bobby Smith and his bride of a month were not enjoying it in the least.

Bunny was as mad as the greyhound that caught the electric rabbit. Bobby wasn't mad at all when it started, but when after three specially quick turns of the terrace Bunny said, "I don't see why I was such a sap as to snare myself with a bird like you," he began to get sore.

He said, "What if I did kiss Annabelle last night? I've kissed her every now and then since we were kids."

"You were cock-eyed," said Bunny.

"I know," said Bobby. "That makes it all right."

He knew it didn't make it all right, but that seemed a good thing to say. He'd begun to suspect it wasn't all right when

on awakening that morning with the most frightful headache, Bunny had refused to speak to him. During the morning he'd felt too sick to care, but now in the dusk (which had always rather been their time of day) he wanted most awfully to make up.

"If that's the way you feel about it," said Bunny, "I'm through!"

Had Bobby been older he would have jumped up and down at such an admission of her love for him. But he wasn't older, so it only made him mad. He was stupid enough to say, "So am I," and to stalk into the house.

That night the moon, who always peeped into their window like a gay old man, moved quickly on. In the morning, Bobby told Willingdrift to pack their bags. At noon, without saying goodbye to anyone, they drove off in opposite directions. He north, she south.

All through the afternoon they drove; at first fast while the anger that had set them apart burned high, then slower



"What if I did kiss Annabelle last night?"

while it simmered, and along toward dusk when the sky began purpling they drove still slower. One cannot drive fast when one is going over and over old memories so tender that the mere thought of them makes you want to stop under a palm tree and have a good cry.

At Fort Pierce, Bobby stopped at the hotel and engaged a room. He didn't want to stay in Fort Pierce. But then he didn't want to stay anywhere. In the lobby he ran into Tom Brooks.

"Hey, Bobby."

"Well, Thomas! What the hell are

you doing in a place like this?"

"Just playing about. Where's Bunny?"

Bobby colored. He started to stammer some fool explanation. Then blurted out, "We've separated, Tom."

Tom was shocked. Too many of his friends had been breaking up of late. At times he wondered what he'd do for places to visit, if none of his friends could stay married. He said, "Don't be silly, Bob. Go on back home."

Bobby looked at him. He said, "Nothing in the world could make me."

Tom shrugged his shoulders. He said, "You birds that separate from your wives always look so damned unhappy, I wonder you do it if it makes you feel so bad."

Bobby grinned; sort of. He said, "I'm as happy as a bird with a lot of worms."

"It's funny," said Tom, "but do you know, that's just how you look. Come out to dinner with us."

"Us?"

"Me and Jim Hazard and a couple of babes."

"Sure," said Bobby. "I'll go up and dress and be right with you."

That seemed a nice idea, going out with Tom and some girls. It continued to seem a nice idea until he got into his room. When the door shut and he was alone it didn't seem nice any more.

"Rot," he said to

himself. "I'm lucky to be rid of her."

He whistled a little tune as he took off his shirt, like a boy whistling by a graveyard at night. Then he put his bag on the bed and opened it. A moment later his hands were gripping soft fluffy scented things. He was holding them crushed to his face so they got quite salty, saying over and over again, "Bunny, I love you, love you, love you so."

He looked again at the bag, wondering. Willingdrift had muffed it, of course; packed the wrong bags. There

(Continued on Page 30)



Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when there's no more ice.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

A family with only one car is primitive.
—Arthur Brisbane.

What Philadelphia needs is a few good night clubs. —Grover Whalen.

What the writing racket in New York needs is an Al Capone.
—Burton Rascoe.

The enforcement of the laws enacted to give effect to the Eighteenth Amendment is far from satisfactory.
—President Hoover.

I have never been hurt by anything I didn't say. —Calvin Coolidge.

A childless couple are committed to betrayal and treachery.
—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Based on my twenty-two years of experience in the Government service, I can affirm that, on the whole, we are not likely to find a more loyal and conscientious group of men than are now enforcing prohibition.
—Commissioner Doran.

The ticket situation is getting funny.
—Florenz Ziegfeld.

Dressmaking is the only career that seems to me possible for modern women.
—Suzanne Lenglen.

Having been a showman for many years, I always dedicate myself to giving the public what it wants—even if I have to make up my mind just what that is.
—E. Ray Goetz.

To brand the buyer as equally criminal with the seller is now of prime importance.

—Bishop James Cannon.

If you look among a man's women friends, the women to whom they go with their troubles and their joys, the women to whom they go for sympathy and comfort and counsel, you will find they are nearly always homely women.
—Dorothy Dix.

A woman can't be happy unless she finds some way of using her brains.
—Julia Hoyt.



"Yo' promised de preacher to love an' cherish me—an' yo' sho' is goin' to do it!"



SINBAD.
Saturday interlude.



Life in Washington

THE wet-dry bout promises to be more than a sham battle—the Bottie of the Century, in fact. Congress is taking a look at the size of those wet petitions and is wondering whether the Anti-Saloon League knows its stuff. The Old Guard is willing to flop to the wet side any time now, as Dwight Morrow is elected to lead the rum rebellion in the Senate. James M. Beck, having once dodged, has mustered the nerve to lead the charge in the House, where he termed the Volstead Act a "monstrous compound of iniquity and folly." Borah tried to divert the forces of Good by accusing Herbert, leader of Mr. Mellon's enforcement brigade out where the West begins and the Wets stop, of laxness. The Administration retaliated by sustaining Herbert and suspending the subordinate who had squealed to Borah. Senator Heflin tried to raid New York by accusing Al Smith, Frank Roosevelt and Jimmy Walker of encouraging black-and-white marriages as well as beverages.

Answer: 250 Alabamans are wishing they had put the alibi in Alabammy as they face indictment under the Jones Law. Sam Crowther has obediently written a book to show that Prohibition is responsible for our Prosperity. Now we know what to blame. The Anti-Saloons say that we are saving between two to six billion dollars a year on drink. How do they know? The House has turned enforcement over to the Department of Justice, letting the Treasury keep its industrial alcohol. So the age of ginthetic sin will continue.

They are thinking of setting the Disarmament Conference to slow motion pictures—the silent films, of course, which assail four out of five navies at the water-line. The British say that battleships are of doubtful value and much too expensive and that heavy cruisers are inefficient. Mr. Stimson's subsequent proposal that the British sink five of their worthless battleships to three of ours was received in reverent silence. Just to avoid being caught in a bear market, our Navy sold six old cruisers and a tug for \$286,707.20.

They must not be used for rum-running, so the movies will probably use them.

Hoover took a look at local politics and decided to go to Florida. Local politicians expressed surprise that he did not appoint a commission to fill the job of Chief Justice, when Bill Taft left the Supreme Court. Charlie Hughes took the job and is thus practically ineligible for the Republican nomination in 1932. So they're backing Charlie Jr. as Republican candidate for the New York Governorship. Poor lad! It's hard luck to be the son of a big man, as T. R. Jr. can attest. They tried everything with that boy and then shipped him to Porto Rico.

President Hoover has selected a cavalry officer to run the Washington police force. The District of Columbia is the one spot in the American democracy where there is no self-government. Now we are going to have martial law. A few of the bolder guinea-pigs in this political laboratory have protested. What good can that do them? They have no votes.

—J. F.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Your mother tells me she had a note from you saying you had sucked New York dry and were thinking about resigning your position and coming home. I had hardly expected you to be tossing away the rind of the city under a year. I hasten to write to beg you to give it one more chance. I couldn't bear to have Mayor Walker telling his friends that you were unfair.

Besides, your mother and I are just beginning to enjoy your liberty. In a little while New York will be on daylight saving again and that will put you two hours ahead of us, so when we get up in the morning we will be able to feel reasonably sure you are in from your date.

I tell you what I'll do. Until you begin to meet men old enough to be earning enough to take you to the good places to eat, I'll make up the difference between what you are making and what your old friends at home think you are. That will tide you over till you meet your first executive and tell him across the table that you intend to be a writer and are just typing for the Cyclops Trust Company in order to get atmosphere.

I might add that it would be a little hard on Hoover for you to upset everything by quitting your job, just as he and us key men are getting business stabilized.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.

GREAT AMERICAN PARTNERSHIPS.

Witanyoomer.
Rackanroon.
Lawnorder.
Younme.

Tabloid Romance

She was the ray of sunshine
That brightened all his life,
That dazzled till he asked her
To be his sunny wife.

So with his ray of sunshine
He said the marriage vow,
But oh, these quick divorces!
She's just his ex-ray now.

—*Dalnar Devening.*



"Migosh! Tearing this wall down, and me with a hole in the seat of my pants!"



"Git up, Elmer, you is goin' to be late for your nap!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

FEBRUARY 5—The bright sunshine so suggestive of spring that it did set me pondering on the deficiencies in my wardrobe, so pored over a style book during my breakfast, served on the lace tray cloth which I did stay up until three this morning to finish, nor did I eat the delicious nut bread which Katie made for me, neither, for if I am to have a waist line near my armpits and a buckle on my stomach, I must take off at least ten more pounds. Samuel in a great wax through discovering a hole in a toe of the hose chosen for his day's ensemble, so, to keep peace, I did volunteer to mend it for him myself, and, lacking the conventional wooden egg for darning, I did choose a real one from the icebox without pausing to have it boiled hard, so now my chiffon matinée and new white blanket must go to the cleaner's, but the catastrophe did put Sam in a fine humor, the old zany. To luncheon with Adelaide in her new apartment, which has a study

that does make me break the Tenth Commandment, and on its walls are the numerous citations and war documents of her brother-in-law Charles, the most interesting amongst them, methought, the letter from the German

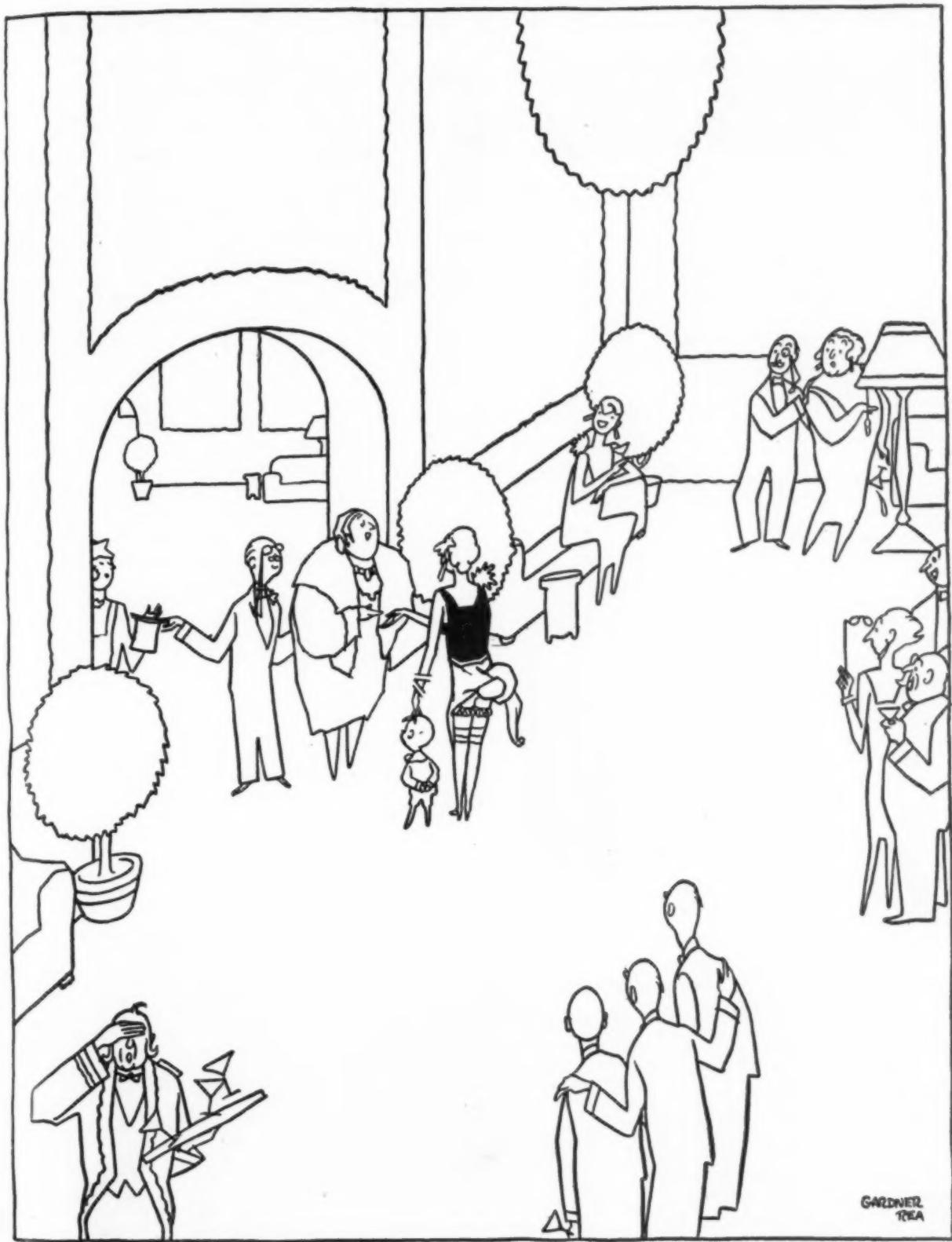


"Hello—editor of the Times? I've noticed that many of your photos are received by wire—may I describe this one to you?"

general who did entreat him to surrender the Lost Battalion. And whilst we were at cards, Gus Healy from Southern Pines did pop in with Mel, and startled me by remarking that I do owe him one thousand dollars, for having printed something about his first editions of Hardy which enabled Jeannette to raid his exchequer for an antique dining-table. Dinner at home, and then to backgammon, a game which my physician does advise me to forego because of the excitement it arouses in me, for Lord! when I am obliged to leave any of my men unprotected, I get so a-twitter that I must frequently take bromides before I can go to sleep.

FEBRUARY 6—Awake betimes, discussing the contents of the journals with my husband, and when I marked as reasonable the accusation of a plaintiff in an alienation suit that his wife had kept him awake nights by reciting to him verses of her own composition, Sam did wonder if my own addiction to detective stories might not be passable grounds for divorce in some States,

(Continued on Page 24)



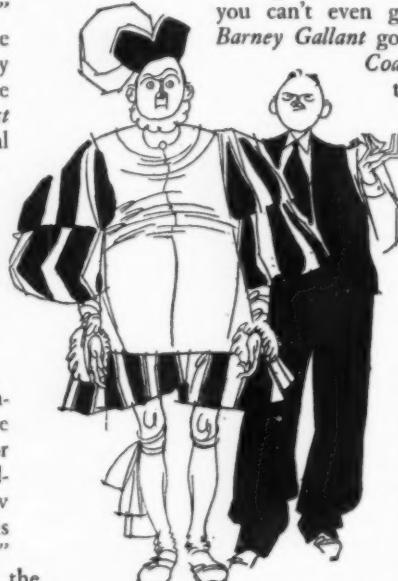
"And this is Junior. The scout master tells me he's coming along wonderfully with his knot work."

New York Life



Manna-About-Town

IRON MAN," which is one swell book . . . the *Notre Dame* song—"Oop Boop Perdue" . . . the *Cole Slaw* at the *Ship Grill* . . . Leo Reisman's record—"You've Got That Thing" . . . Will Osborne's orchestra and if Will wouldn't try quite so hard he'd be better than *Vallée* . . . Fred Stone's return to the stage . . . Ray Cort's decorations at the *Epicure* . . . Miriam Hopkins in "Ritz," but probably the show has closed by this time . . . the *Brauhaus* on East Fifty-fourth for real German cooking, atmosphere and what have you . . . the Shore dinners at the *Lobster* on Forty-fifth street . . . the awfulness of the 9.15 Revue . . . the new theatre which is to be on the fiftieth floor of the *Chanin* building . . . the new *Grandeur* pictures . . . "Simple Simon" one swell show . . . the skating horse at the *Garden* which consists of two men . . . the "live" cigarette billboard on Broadway . . . the real inside on the *Tully-Gilbert* scrap—they both are publicity hounds . . . Lawrence Tibbets in "The Rogue Song" . . . Oppenheim's "Million Pound Deposit" . . . Whalen's traffic rules seem to change as often as the lights . . . why not call that place on Fifty-fifth street the *Rebecca Temple*? . . . the new *Safari* cloth with jungle designs—just the thing for wild flappers . . . Walter Winchell's crack about there being a Dentist in the directory named *Pullman* and a lawyer named *Case*, overlooked the fact that there is a Columnist named *Hope*.



Manna-About-Atlantic City

Most of the *Sea Food* is sent from Boston . . . smoking still prohibited in the *Haddon Hall* dining rooms . . . the beautiful fish in the pool at the *Ambassador* . . . the *Colton Manor* Marine deck . . . the individually broiled live lobsters at the *Marine Grill* . . . the *Clam Broth* at *Hackney's* . . . the new *Warner Brothers* theatre with the terrible movies . . . the terrible night clubs . . . *Fralinger's*, where you can't even get waited on . . . *Barney Gallant* going "Yaaah!" at the *Coast Guard cutter* . . . the peculiar way the planks in the boardwalk are laid with wrapping paper underneath . . . the surprising lack of evidence of organized vice which the *New York Journal* has been ballyhooing—the only vice we saw was some old ladies crocheting in the lobby of the *Chalfonte* . . . the *Sand Artist's* blurb—"Of praise I'm differential but money is essential" . . .

All Quiet

In the midst of all the spectacular ballyhoo raised by the undercover men, a liquor store on the East side with its front door wide open, goes on serenely doing a land-office business . . . here, within earshot of *Campbell's* raids, you will find a quiet, attractive little shop with the sign "*Cordials and Liqueurs*" on its plate glass front . . . *Gin* is one dollar a bottle, *Scotch* and *Rye* four, and *Cordials* run from two and a half up to five . . . there is no red tape about the transac-

tion, no questions are asked . . . you may have the liquor analyzed and your money back if not satisfied . . . as the young man behind the counter naively explains, "We stand behind our goods!" . . . this place has been running openly for nearly two months, has been written up in the newspapers and magazines, yet still goes on doing business, while *Mr. Campbell* arrests bellboys for selling flasks of hooch to hotel guests.

Campbell Soup

And now our steamed up *Dry Administrator* has warned all drinkers against carrying their own liquor into restaurants and night clubs . . . well, if *Mr. Campbell* wants to get in the soup quickly, just let him try arresting us drinkers . . . talk about a million men springing to arms over night!

The Crusaders

And speaking of a million men springing to arms, have you heard of the *Crusaders*? . . . The *Crusaders* is an organization of young men which started just a few months ago in Cleve-





land and is already a national association . . . starting with a nucleus of men opposed to prohibition and its resultant evils, it has suddenly grown and now has Headquarters in practically all the large cities . . . John Hay Whitney, Sturtevant Erdman and William D. Carr are the Commanders here in town and the Crusaders boasts such good American

names as Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., Charles H. Sabin, Jr., Lammot du Pont III, etc., etc., etc. . . . it costs a dollar to join and all you need is the spirit of '76 . . . if you are interested, write the National Headquarters at the Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland.

Prize Story

Samuel Goldwyn, movie magnate, called upon George Bernard Shaw to try and get his stories for Hollywood . . . he waxed enthusiastic about the wonderful scenery, sets, etc., that he would use, the super super production he would give to Shaw's brain children . . . Shaw kept interrupting him with questions about royalties, contracts, etc., but each time Goldwyn would ignore the question and rave on

about super production . . . finally Shaw ended the interview by saying, "I'm afraid we will never get together, Mr. Goldwyn. You are too artistic and I am too commercial!"

Ditto

A very very well known young society man-about-town invited to a costume ball decided to wear an outfit that would not be duplicated . . . poring over old books he happened across a picture of Casanova in full regalia and thinking it pretty swell he took it to a costumer and told the gentle-

man in charge that he wanted the outfit duplicated exactly and to keep it a dark secret . . . a well-known columnist (name on request) who never missed a thing, happened to be in the next booth (he would be!) and peeking over the top he recognized the notable and also the book which contained the portrait of Casanova . . . borrowing another copy of the book from a book-legger friend of his, he hastened to another well-known costumer and told him that Chauncey Cheeseworth III



was going to wear that special costume to the ball, and that if he would make up a dozen outfits twelve good society men and true

would be sure to order them if they knew Chauncey himself was going as Casanova . . . well, to make a long story longer, all the Park Avenue boys fell for the racket and the night of the ball Chauncey Cheeseworth III arrived on the scene resplendent only to find that the ballroom was overrun with Casanovas!

Knickernocker Jr.



At the Costumer's.



"Suffer little children to co



"children to come unto me."

Theatre • by Ralph Barton

THE authors (Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon) of Katharine Cornell's new vehicle (a velocipede with one of the pedals missing) "gratefully acknowledge," in a program note, "their indebtedness to Miss Madeline Smith, of Glasgow, whose public and private life suggested to them this play," which they are pleased to call "Dishonored Lady." All of the documents relating to the matter have been placed in the hands of a certified public accountant, who has reported the indebtedness so trifling as to be of practically no interest to even a Scotch lady's ghost; for Madeline Smith, of horrific memory, belongs clearly in the gallery of fascinating murderesses, next to the daguerreotype of Constance Kent, while Miss Cornell's Madeleine Cary hangs among the sordid ones, near the snap-shot of Ruth Snyder.

The authors of "Dishonored Lady" have carelessly omitted from their play whatever it is—a low taste for publicity, secret envy of those who have had the courage to break the rules, or merely the lure of the atmosphere of romance and danger which surrounds most crimes—that causes us to see celebrated killers through much the same sort of veil of glamour that we throw about Abraham Lincoln or Cleopatra. The original Miss Smith was a well-brought-up Victorian lady of twenty-one, who, in 1856, put aside her croquet mallet and left off sketching in aquarelle and embroidering samplers long enough to poison a lover who stood in the way of a respectable marriage. Death, in those days, was so much more supportable an idea than the very notion of having a lover that the crime was considered simply a nice girl's way of putting things to rights, and Miss Smith was acquitted by a gallant jury of Scots, who found that her lover (who was a Frenchman, anyway) got what he deserved. Miss Cornell, on the other hand, is called upon to depict a somewhat riper New York lady of our own time, when even the most squeamish prospective husband wouldn't object too violently to an ex-lover or two in the woodpile, or, at least, when a few girlish false steps provide no more than a rather pleasurable scene of emotional confession and forgiveness between the betrothed pair.

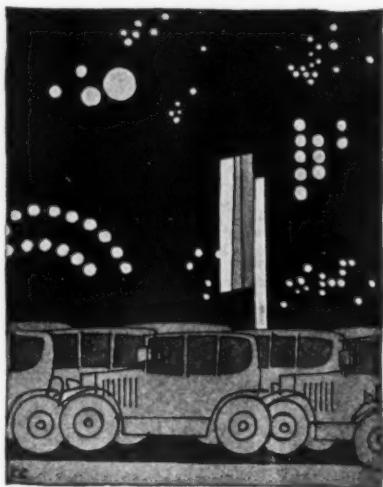
Miss Cornell's Madeleine goes to her

Argentine lover's flat and poisons him in cold blood. Worse. Madeleine is by way of being an extremely naughty girl and she postpones sending her man to eternity until she has had her will of him, adding, thus, insult to injury, and the spectator is sorely disappointed that the wretched hussy is not sent to the chair. It is undoubtedly the most unsympathetic part ever played by a star. Miss Cornell's finished technique, too, stands in the way, as finished techniques so often do, of a convincing performance. She is so overwhelmingly artistic that it is impossible to believe a word she says. Even in the

ger are mis-cast in the thing. The three of them together produce but one wondrous work during the evening: Mr. Kruger can pronounce the word *lawyer* all in one syllable.

THE very best that can be said about "Out of a Blue Sky," as a play, is that it is a pleasant change from the usual night's offerings in the theatre. The curtain goes up on an empty stage—brick wall, steam pipes, idling stage-hands and all. Something has gone terribly wrong and the director of what was to have been a performance of "Camille" arrives to find himself without a play and without actors. After a good deal of pointless sputtering, he selects a cast from the audience (how I hate having my side of the footlights invaded by the actors! —Do I ever crawl up on the stage?) and by improvising a play. That would be all well enough, if the improvised play were amusing—but it isn't. It is deadly dull. Or, it would be deadly dull if it weren't for the presence of Reginald Owen. That superb comedian, with absolutely nothing to go on, keeps the audience chuckling in spite of itself. Katherine Wilson gets the last drop out of a difficult straight rôle set in strained comedy, but Mr. Owen's work is sheer creation. He kept a tall, distinguished looking gentleman with a black mustache, who was sitting behind me with one knee planted firmly in the back of my seat, in such a continuous series of explosive guffaws that my liver has been functioning miraculously ever since from the beneficial effects of the massage.

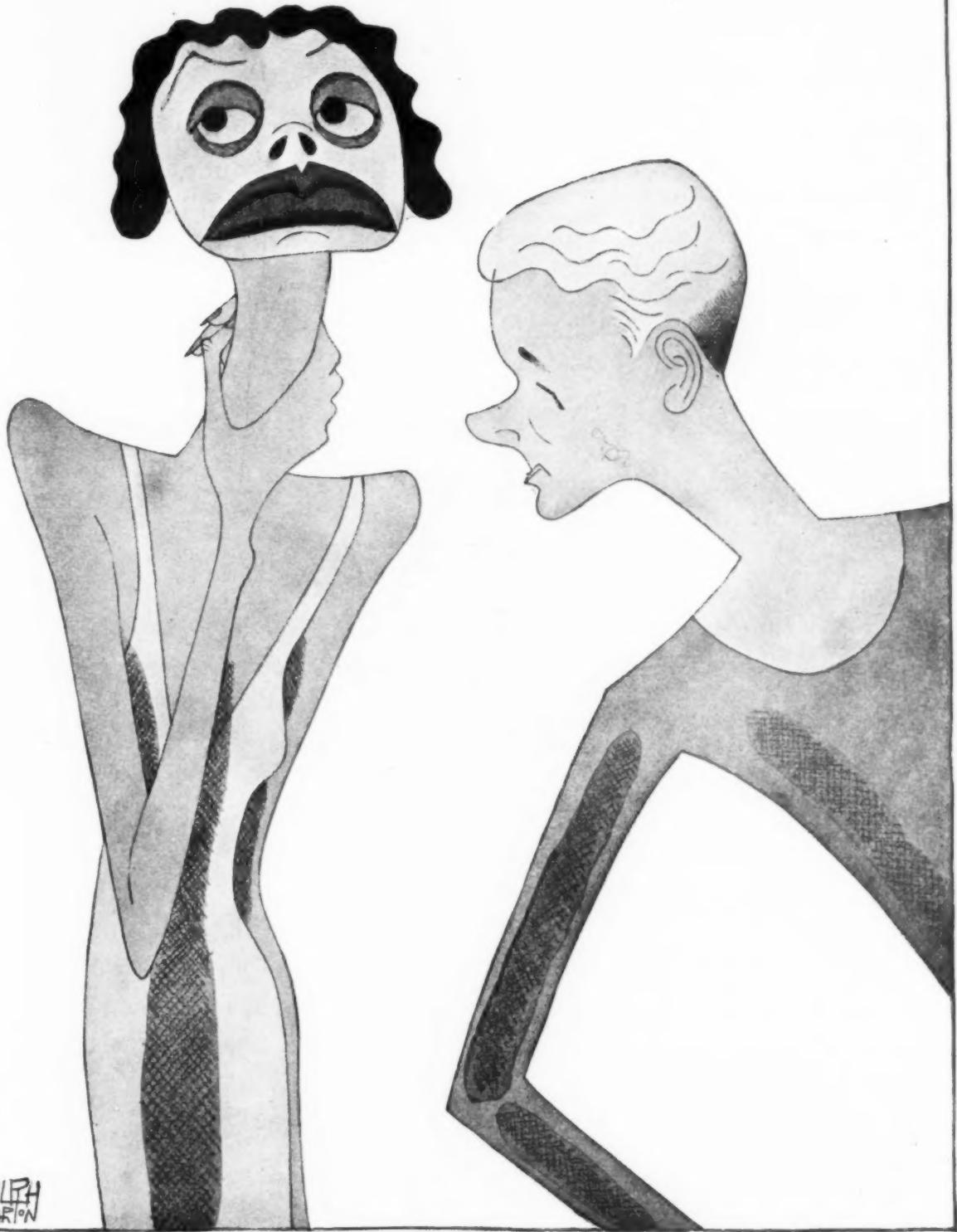
MRS. FISKE has chosen, for some obscure reason, a new play named, for some equally obscure reason, "It's a Grand Life," in which she has nothing to do but contemplate her manicure and listen to the other members of the cast get off the good lines. This is a low trick to play on Fiskeites like myself. I'd go a long way just to see her make her entrance bow—bending as though she had dropped an important hairpin on a black carpet—but I like her to go on talking when she eventually straightens up. You can hear ordinary comediennes talk any night. It's cruel to see the One and Only in the rôle of feeder.



The curtain will rise at 8:30 sharp.

one profoundly exciting scene of the play—the scene in the murder room—when she picks up a napkin and effaces her tell-tale finger-prints, she moves so gracefully about the job that I was reminded of Tilly Losch's Dance of the Hands and developed a nostalgia for "Wake Up and Dream."

DANA BURNET, in his "The Boundary Line," shamefully muffs a first-class theme—the struggle between a property-hating, unconformable poet and his conventional security-loving wife. As this happens to be a statement of the causes underlying the age-old war of Man vs. Woman, it seems a pity that something far more important than a silly comedy hung on a quarrel over a fence around a piece of property in Bluefields, N. Y., wasn't extracted from it. Katherine Alexander, Winifred Lenihan and Otto Kru-



IN "DISHONORED LADY" AND IN "REBOUND."
A Comic Valentine of Katharine Cornell and Hope Williams.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Street of Chance"

LIFE recommends the work of William Powell in "Street of Chance" as one of the outstanding screen performances since the birth of the talkies. The story by Oliver H. P. Garrett is written around the famous Rothstein murder case, with eulogistic refinements, but while the theme has been twisted to present Mr. Powell as a very likeable gambler, it never arbitrates nor quibbles over the main point at issue—which is to the effect that gambling is a demoralizing profession and should not be taken up by nice people.

To Director John Cromwell great credit is due for handling a difficult assignment with a deft and understanding restraint that approaches perfection. The sentiment is created without a single jarring note of blah, and the sinister atmosphere leading up to the tragic finale is established without the use of grimaces or loud words. Therefore, does Mr. Cromwell accomplish his task without recourse to the three elements so generally misused in an effort to produce realism on the talking screen.

Supporting Mr. Powell is a cast that has been chosen with expert discretion. Kay Francis is the wife who decides to leave him because he will not give up the game; Regis Toomey is the kid brother for whom he makes his big sacrifice; and Jean Arthur is the bride of the young brother. All excellent. However, the actor who walks off with second honors is not mentioned as a principal in the programs. He is Stanley Fields, who plays the part of Dorgan, the Detroit bootlegger who comes to New York to gamble with

his friend, "Natural" Davis (Mr. Powell). After watching Mr. Fields work out, we cannot imagine him as anything else but a Detroit racketeer.

Since the talkies came along to chisel into the entertainment spotlight once occupied solely by the legitimate stage, it has been the custom of the movie belittlers to distinguish between the two mediums by referring to the dear old stage as "The Drama," pronounced *drayma*. A few more movies such as "Street of Chance" and the retreating cohorts will be forced to the humili-

ation of making a more definite distinction. "Street of Chance" is drama . . . powerful drama.

You should see it.

"Cameo Kirby"

IN STRIKING contrast to the polished screen performance of "Natural" Davis, is the grandiloquent and high-falutin' acting of another gambler, the well-known "Cameo Kirby," who has been resurrected from the moth balls by Mr. William Fox and made to resume his "cyard playin'" on the old Mississippi River boats, just as he

did back in the ostentatious 1850's.

J. Harold Murray, recently recruited from the Broadway musical comedy ranks by Mr. Fox, plays the part of Cameo, and plays it just as he would on the stage . . . which is to say, he sings and acts just about like all handsome musical comedy stars sing and act when you dress them up in tight pants and gay waistcoats and put a spotlight on them. There's romance in those picturesque costumes of the old Southland, Suh! . . . and in an effort to live up to the crinolines and *doo-dads* Mr.

Murray goes on a strutting spree in which he is obviously encouraged by Director Irving Cummings. Even the dialogue has had its hat lifted, and what with the brave gestures and *high* sounding speeches, an evening with "Cameo Kirby" is reminiscent of a visit to one of Christopher Morley's melodramas in Hoboken, without the convenience of being allowed to hiss, whistle and throw things at the performers.

Nor is Mr. Murray's pleasant singing voice dis-

played to advantage, for which Mr. Cummings must again be accused of poor showmanship because of the inopportune moments at which the songs are introduced. For instance, in one scene Mr. Murray is day-dreaming in a very small stateroom of one of the old river boats (how do we know he is day-dreaming? . . . because he says so, smarty) when he suddenly bursts forth into song, accompanied by a large and beautiful orchestra. The scene changes and shows a girl listening to the music outside his door, giving a direct impression that Mr. Murray is cooped up in that little cubbyhole with a grand piano, a couple of

(Continued on Page 31)



"It wasn't her always askin' for the rent that irritated me, Mrs. Peebles—it was her lousy manner of approach."

LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

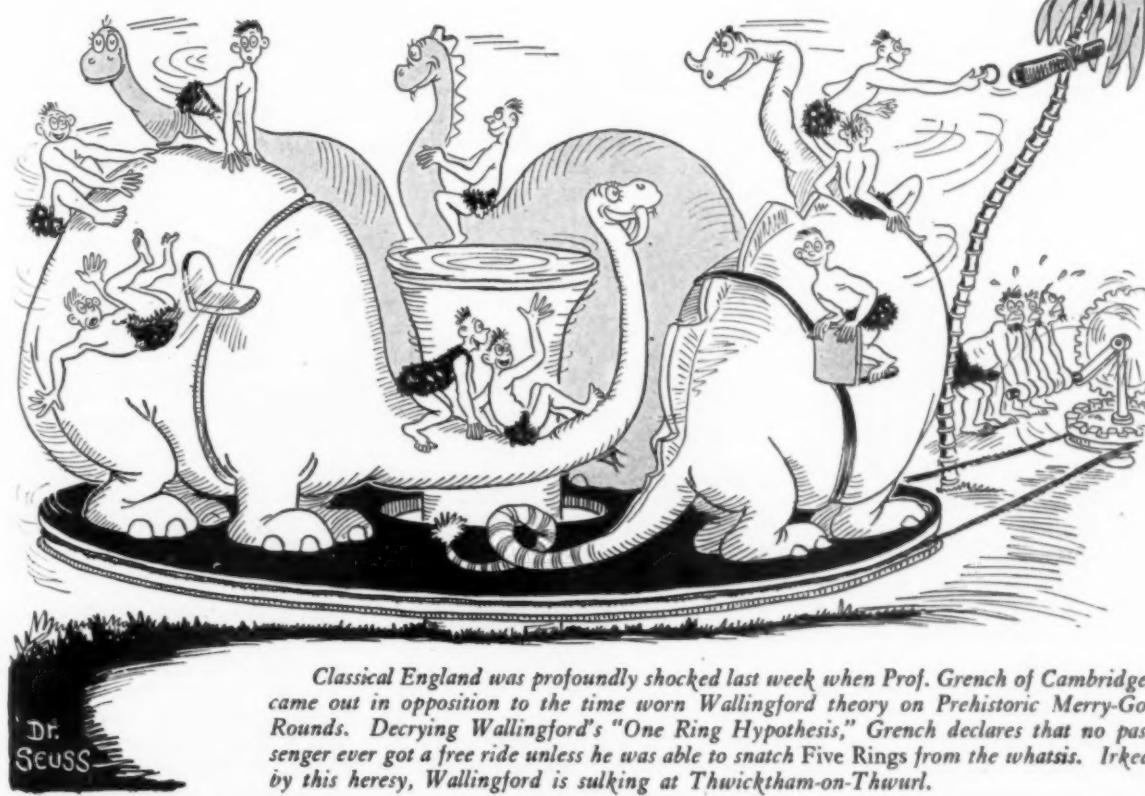
The Present Scientific Situation
in Europe



In the old days the Dutch took dyke leaks lightly. "Oh, some kid will see it and stick his thumb in," was the theory . . . and it worked. Recent disasters at Noordwijk, however, have proven the present younger generation alarmingly lax. Consequently, every lad in Holland must now spend five hours a week practicing thumb thrusts until he has mastered the traditional knack.



After thirty years experimenting, Elfenbien Huebschfinger, the Leipzig physicist, has perfected an absolutely vibration-proof window. Now for the first time it is possible to hold cigar-ash endurance contests before a gallery of spectators. "When an ash falls off now," claims Huebschfinger, "the defeated contestant can blame no one but himself."



Classical England was profoundly shocked last week when Prof. Grench of Cambridge, came out in opposition to the time worn Wallingford theory on Prehistoric Merry-Go-Rounds. Decrying Wallingford's "One Ring Hypothesis," Grench declares that no passenger ever got a free ride unless he was able to snatch Five Rings from the whatsis. Irked by this heresy, Wallingford is sulking at Thwickham-on-Thwurl.

Life at Home

CHICAGO—Hearing that vice was rampant on South State street, the Rev. O. G. Davis, field secretary of the Illinois Vigilance Association, fared forth to track it down right away. Two loiterers led him into a hallway and gave him "the works," strong-arming him and taking \$40. A policeman lent the minister a dollar for taxi fare home.



DENVER—Bishop Frank H. Rice was the leading speaker at a scheduled mass meeting to protest the recent increase in street car fares. He had prepared a lengthy speech, but when he appeared at the auditorium all seats were empty. Undaunted, the Bishop gave the janitor fifty cents, asked him to be seated and then delivered his address.

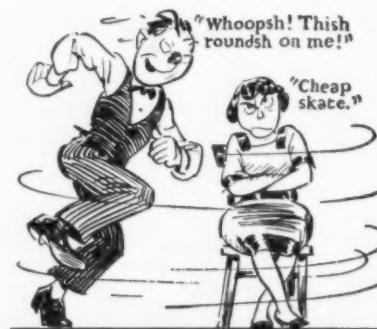
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"If water will rust pipes, it will rust your insides—therefore don't drink it if you want to live long." This is the simple formula of William Draper, civil war veteran, now celebrating his ninetieth birthday. He says he has not "touched" water in forty years, drinking instead coffee, ale, beer, tea and a moderate number of highballs.

CHICAGO—Without seeking in any way whatsoever to express his personal views on the merits of long and short skirts, Frederick Rex, city librarian and statistician, revealed today that in 1913, when skirts were long 1,323 women were injured boarding street cars, and that in 1928, when skirts were short, only 328 were similarly hurt.

SAN FRANCISCO—The new cruising detail of the police force was put through a pseudo bank holdup test the other morning. At the word "Go" the entire personnel got to the bank in four minutes, and followed the pseudo fleeing car to various hideouts, and the tests were pronounced 100% perfect. While all this was going on, two bank robbers in an automobile made three holdups and escaped.

NEW YORK—Loma Worth, actress, decided that she must have a dimple in her chin, so she went to Dr. Luis Berne of the Park West Hospital, who operated on her. "You know," said Loma, "I think Janet Gaynor looks perfectly darling with her dimple. There's something irresistible about a dimple, so I decided to have one. The operation has been a success, too. It's simply wonderful—the things plastic surgery can do."

NEW YORK—Out of a panel of sixty-five talesmen, thirty-five were excused from jury duty. They declared that they did not believe that violation of the Volstead act was a crime, and that they would not convict under it.



CHICAGO—Mrs. Sophie Seidler is asking for divorce on the grounds that her husband is eccentric. Among other idiosyncrasies, she charges that when he runs short of money to buy liquor, "he runs round and round the room in circles till he becomes dizzy."

WASHINGTON—Twelve gallons of beer a week, even in these times of prohibition, is too much, according to Mrs. William Leadbetter.

Alleging that was her husband's quota—and also the limit of his capacity—Mrs. Leadbetter has brought suit for divorce.

For Leadbetter or for worse!



NEW YORK CITY—Dr. Frederick Rogers, of the State Department of Education has come out against the participation of women in athletics. "It makes women ugly," says the doctor, "and I doubt that women trained in athletics and bulging with muscles can attract the most worthy fathers for their children."

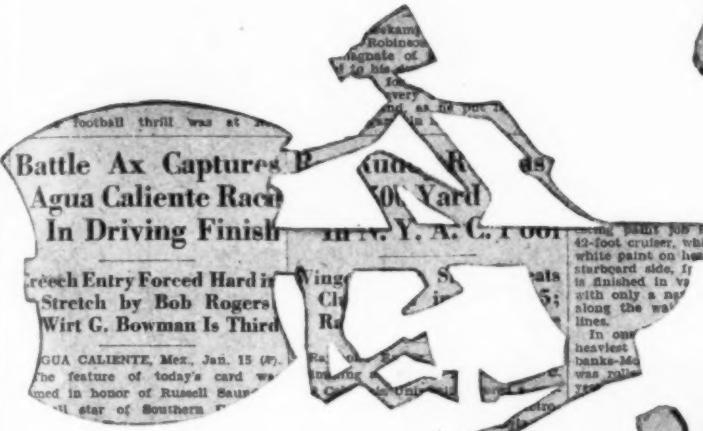
NEW BRITAIN, Conn.—St. Paul's Total Abstinence Society of Kensington, thirty years old, has voted to disband because of lack of interest.

Its president, Robert Fagan, before the vote was taken, expressed the opinion that "there is greater need than ever for such an organization."

At the height of its popularity it had 100 members; the last enrollment showed eighteen.

LOWELL, Mass.—J. Warren Osborn, deacon of a Middleton church, and Herbert H. Hartma, a member of the same congregation, were held for \$5,000 each today when arraigned before United States Commissioner Richard B. Walsh on charges of sale and possession of intoxicating liquor.

"Reading Between the Lines"



THE WEATHER
Fair, rising temperature,
night and Sunday.

VOL. 59, NO. 188

EVERY ARM OF GOVERNMENT IN DRY SHAKEUP

Legislative, Judicial and Executive Branches Strive for Results.

MELLON CITES POLICY

Drys War Among Selves as Prohibition Storms Grows Nearly to Gale.

By GEORGE E. DOLING

WASHINGTON, JAN. 9.—Spurred by feverish activity by the alarmist critics, the administration is holding every branch of the government in moving top-speed today toward a radical shakeup in the system, designed to get results and to quiet the future.

Executive, legislative and judicial branches were all in a tumult of endeavor to accomplish

and for the first time in

many years to come co-

A POSITION
A WAY TO STOP ATTACKS OF FITS

LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for ideas used on this page.



Behind the Scenes of a Great Industry.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 12)

confiding that when I have embarked upon a thriller, he must needs cry, "Fire!" or "Help!" in order to gain my attention. Which did remind me to take along "While the Patient Slept" against having to wait at the chiropodist's and the coutourier's, and my self-disgust was great, upon reaching Dr. Dardia's office, to find that I had left the book in the cab, for I had quitted it at the point where the rosette from March's slipper was found in the murdered man's hand. Home in the late afternoon, having nought for tea save a cup of that beverage sweetened with saxon, forasmuch as eating between meals, when one is trying to diet, is akin to borrowing money. This night to see "Disraeli" again, going afterwards to supper at the Tylers', where I did sit next Mr. Massey, the Canadian minister to Washington, with whom it is both pleasant and profitable to con-

verse. Samuel, hearing Philip Merivale, the playactor, mention the dearth of presentable plays, is now minded to try his own hand at dramatic composition, nor did I laugh unduly when he did say as much to the company, for Lord! his manuscript, however feeble, could not be worse than several through which I have sat this season. And Roland Bottomley told us of the publicity man who, having made *de luxe* transportation reservations for Mistress Swanson, wired her manager, "Sic transit Gloria Monday." So home and to bed, but not to sleep until 4 A. M., the cab driver having returned my book to the doorman, a deed both astonishing and delightful.

—Baird Leonard.

Familiar Figures

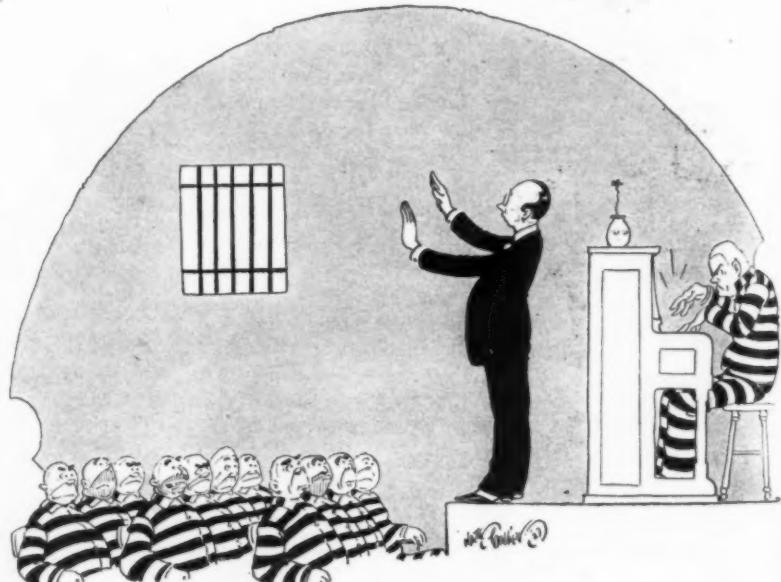
NORTH: At regular rates, it is said a trip to Mars would cost \$850,000,000.

WEST: So that's where my wife went for her vacation!

Society Note

"Your wife likes to go south every year, eh?"

"Yeah. She loves to spend the winter in the rotogravure sections."



SOCIAL SETTLEMENT WORKER (*visiting prison*): Now, boys, all together—sing *My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of lib-er-tee—*



Reprinted from LIFE, 1903

THE RELATIONSHIP.

If you present your husband to the husbands you divorced, this form is universally approved—

Just say with easy graciousness when introducing them: "This, Henry, is my husband once removed!"

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, 1905

*If good for a horse,
Why not good for a man?*



Melting.

Reprinted from LIFE, 1900

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★**STREET SCENE.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Elmer Rice's fine drama of the slums plays its 500th performance this week.
- ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—The Western Front through British eyes. Finely acted and deeply moving drama.
- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Forrest.* \$3.85—Drinkwater's pleasant comedy concerning three travelers and an innkeeper's daughter.
- ★**IT'S A WISE CHILD.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Highly amusing portraits of small-town folk. Naughty.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's players in an interesting set of plays from foreign parts.
- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Love comes and spoils a seduction. The most delightful evening the current theatre affords.
- ★**SUBWAY EXPRESS.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder while you sit and stare at it, with an ingenious solution.
- ★**THE CRIMINAL CODE.** *National.* \$3.85—Drama of crime and punishment, worth seeing for Albert R. Johnson's settings of a great penitentiary.
- ★**JUNE MOON.** *Broadhurst.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—More loud guffaws than in any six other comedies. By Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman.
- ★**BERKELEY SQUARE.** *Lyceum.* \$4.40—Leslie Howard wishes himself into XVIIIth Century London with a performance that takes the season's first prize.
- ★**BROKEN DISHES.** *Masque.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Homely little comedy dealing with a henpecked husband's revolt. With Donald Meek.
- ★**MENDEL, INC.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—Good, if you like the Potash and Perlmutter sort of thing.
- ★**YOUNG SINNERS.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Youth in love. The comedy which shows how dirty "Strictly Dishonorable" might have been if it hadn't been so clean.
- ★**MICHAEL AND MARY.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—An easy, charming little play by Milne. To be seen in a sentimental mood.
- METEOR. *Guild*—Alfred Lunt portrays a megalomaniac who is rumored to be A Certain Person.
- ★**RICHELIEU.** *Hampden.* \$3.85—Walter Hampden in a new version of Bulwer-Lytton's play.
- ★**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—If it were all as good as Philip Merivale's acting of the Grim Reaper it would be a great play.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—The woman who fills a stage, single handed, as entertainingly as any whole troupe in town.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George gets her husband back from his second wife in a delightful comedy by St. John Ervine.
- ★**WATERLOO BRIDGE.** *Fulton.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Glenn Hunter as a soldier who didn't find out much about women in the army.
- ★**CHILDREN OF DARKNESS.** *Biltmore.* \$3.85—A fine job of writing by Edwin Justus Mayer. The action takes place in Newgate Prison in 1725.

AT THE BOTTOM. *Waldorf*—A new version of Gorki's "The Lower Depths."

PHANTOMS. *Wallack's*—Cheap and imitative mystery stuff.

NANCY'S PRIVATE AFFAIR. *Hudson*—Trite comedy of married life.

★REBOUND. *Plymouth.* \$3.85—Hope Williams rescues a husband from a vamp. A comedy in bright remarks by Donald Ogden Stewart.

★MANY A SLIP. *Little.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Sylvia Sidney pretends to be in an interesting condition.

★DISHONORED LADY. *Empire.* \$4.40—Katherine Cornell as a thoroughly unsympathetic lady who murders her lover in cold blood.

THE BOUNDARY LINE. *Forty-eighth Street*—Dull comedy with serious pretensions. A lady, married to a poet, wants her world with a fence around it.

★OUT OF A BLUE SKY. *Booth.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A little too good a look backstage. A producer without a play or actors puts on a show anyway.

★IT'S A GRAND 'LIFE. *Cort.* \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske's second appearance this season. A Park Avenue mother's troubles with her children and husband. Fair Fiske.

RITZY. *Longacre*—Ernest Truex lives up, for a moment, to a fortune he thinks he's going to inherit. Good Truex and bad comedy.

Eye and Ear

★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street.* \$6.60—Will Mahoney, the Three Sailors and plenty of girls making this Carroll's best.

★SWEET ADELINE. *Hammerstein.* \$6.60— Hoboken in 1898 to Jerome Kern's music and Charles Butterworth's comedy. Also Irene Franklin and Helen Morgan.

★BITTER SWEET. *Shubert.* \$5.50—Vienna in 1880 to Noel Coward's music and with practically no comedy. Evelyn Laye supplies the beauty.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin.* \$5.50—Jack Whiting and Victor Moore with a Rodgers and Hart score.

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial.* \$6.60—One of the swiftest moving and most colorful. Jack Donahue at his best, with Lily Damita.

★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric.* \$6.60—Americans on the loose in Paris. Cole Porter's music and Helen Broderick's fun.

★TOP SPEED. *Forty-sixth Street.* \$5.50—Lester Allen and Ginger Rogers in an ordinary musical.

★WAKE UP AND DREAM. *Selwyn.* \$6.60—A great big English revue, with Tilly Losch, Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, Pogo the Wonderful Horse and Cole Porter's music. STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*—Clark and McCullough are very funny. George and Ira Gershwin did the score.

RIPPLES. *New Amsterdam*—Fred Stone with his daughters Paula and Dorothy and with Mrs. in a show built around Rip Van Winkle.

THE NINE-FIFTEEN REVUE. *George M. Cohan*—Ruth Selwyn's revue made up of skits and bits by practically every well known name in town.

THE JOLSON'S THEATRE MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY presents a series of interesting revivals.

Movies

STREET OF CHANCE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.

CAMEO KIRBY. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Reviewed in this issue.

ACROSS THE WORLD WITH MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON. *Talking Picture Epics*—Another interesting travel movie with talkie lecture as background.

THE PAINTED ANGEL. (TALKIE) *First National*—Billie Dove tries to sing and dance, which are practically the only things she can't do.

NOT SO DUMB. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Don't agree with them. Fair.

DANCE HALL. (TALKIE) *Radio Pictures*—They ain't done right by Vina Delmar.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Will Rogers in one you shouldn't miss.

RIO RITA. (TALKIE) *Radio Pictures*—Bebe Daniels in ditto.

DEVIL MAY CARE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramon Novarro singing pleasantly and looking very handsome. Recommended.

No, NO NANETTE. (TALKIE) *First National*—No, no.

THE MIGHTY. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—George Bancroft as a personable gangster. Recommended.

HOT FOR PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Not so hot!

UNTAMED. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Joan Crawford spends hours trying to persuade a man to marry her in spite of her millions.

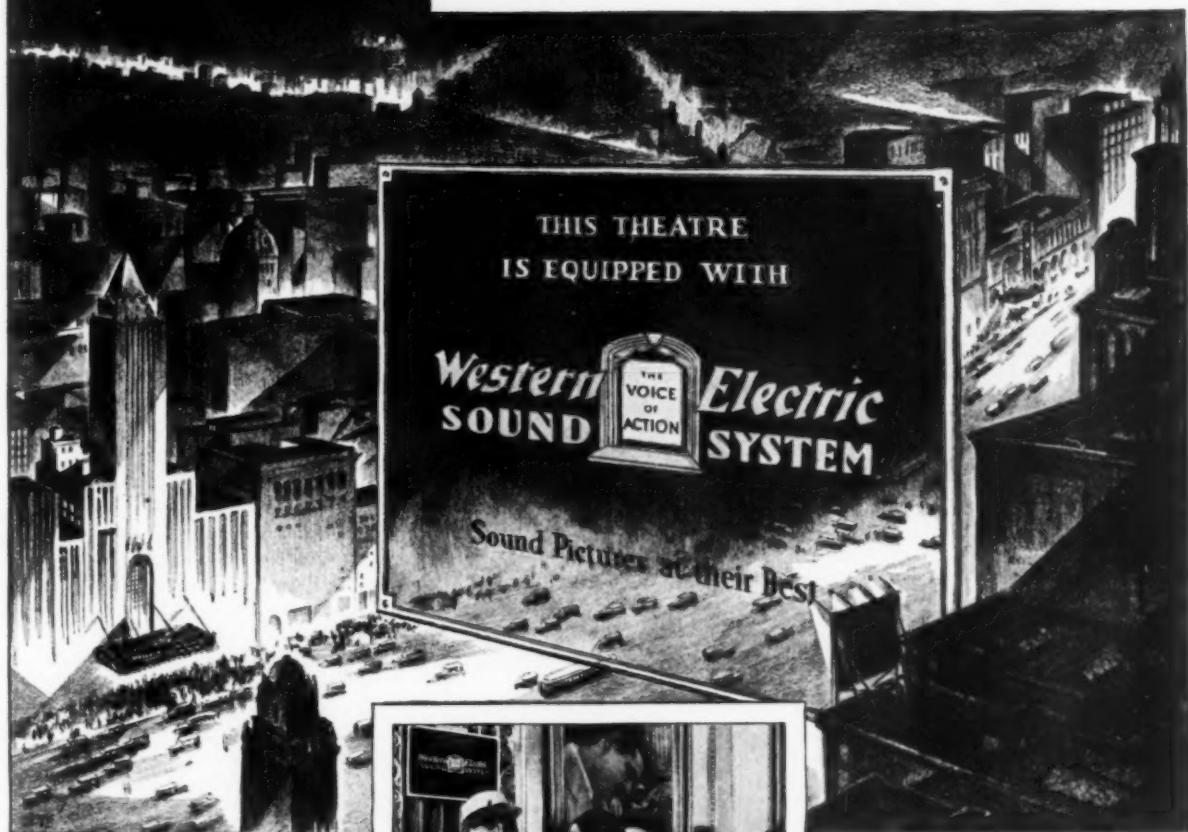
(Continued on Page 28)



The poor St. Bernard that came out with buttermilk.

Follow this SIGN

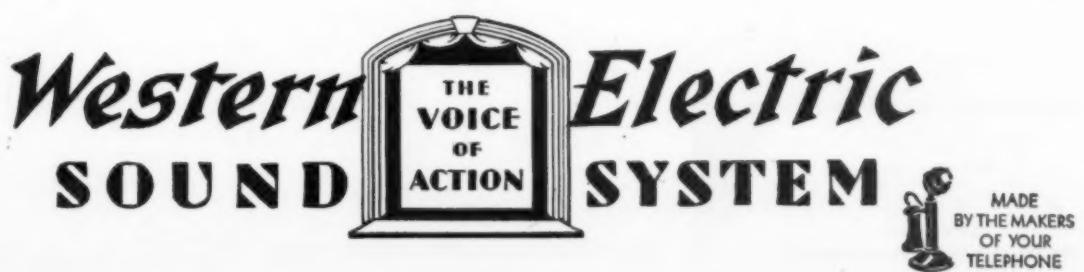
and hear Talking Pictures
that sound NATURAL . . .



WHEN you go to a motion picture theatre nowadays you have a right to hear the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their artistry. Fortunately you can do just that — provided you select a theatre which displays the "Western Electric equipped" sign. This apparatus reproduces speech and music in natural tones because it was

designed and made by the world's acknowledged leaders in the science of sound — Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric.

It is the result of an experience of over half a century in making telephone apparatus that reproduces the voice with naturalness. For thorough enjoyment of your talking picture entertainment, look for the Western Electric sign.



MADE
BY THE MAKERS
OF YOUR
TELEPHONE



When-
ever
you
have a
cough
use

Beech-Nut BLACK Cough Drops

A cough drop with
an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N.Y.

Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

- C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
- H Headwaiter
- SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A gallant place for a gallant time run by a gallant gentleman. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.
- CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.
- CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.
- CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. *C.\$2. H.Adolph.
- CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). *C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.
- CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.
- COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.
- DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.
- DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Victor. SMIG. \$4.00.
- GOUVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.
- LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.
- LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. *C.\$6. H.Marashino.
- MONTMARTE, 50th & Broadway. Very nice and always has been. *C.\$3.
- ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.
- RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.
- ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. *C.\$2. S.\$3.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Records

"TAIN'T NO SIN.....Grand nonsense.
FUNNY, DEAR, WHAT LOVE CAN DO....
Slow rhythm, soft tone. (Columbia)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE....
This is far too good to miss.
SHE'S SUCH A COMFORT TO ME.....
Second best tune from "Wake Up and Dream." (Victor)

IF LOVE WERE ALL.....Fox-trot.
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.....Waltz. Fred Rich's band entertains with some good instrumental solos. (Columbia)

WHEN I'M LOOKING AT YOU.....
A pleasing melody with a good swing to it.
THE ROGUE SONG.....
Intensely "he-mannish." (Victor)

Sheet Music

"Send For Me" (*Simple Simon*)
"Anything May Happen" (*Ripples*)
"We Never Sleep" (*Ripples*)
"I'll Know Him" (*Flying High*)
"Thank You, Father" (*Flying High*)
"Get Happy" (*The Nine-Fifteen Revue*)

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT* OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE
598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

.....(Alternates)

.....(Name)

.....(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 24



SALESMAN: *Have you ever tried our nonbreakable glass?*

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Norman W. Fletcher,
102 Princeton Street,
Springfield, Mass.

"The rising young salesman makes an opening for himself."

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Katherine M. Tenny,
310 Birchway Apts.,
Walla Walla, Wash.

The clever salesman gets a good break by using his head.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Elbert Wing,
Three Rivers,
Tulare Co., Calif.

Increasing sales by leaps and bounds.

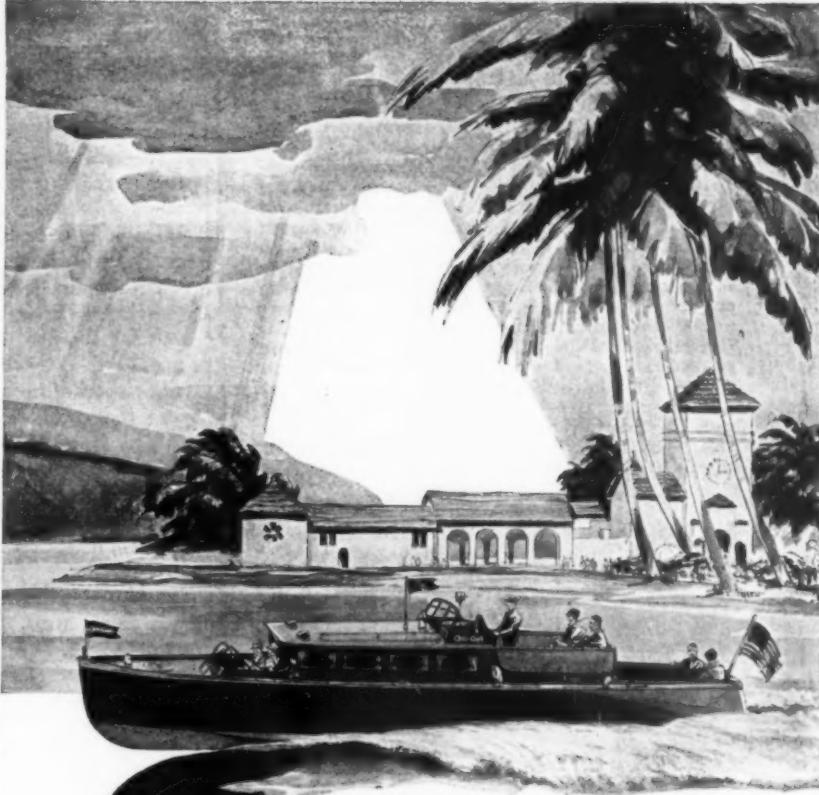
4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Victor R. Fortune,
351 East 62nd St.,
New York City.

Using his head to smash home the point.



*"Are you the Nigh' Wash-man?"
"Yes sir!"
"Well—nigh'-nigh'!"*



ONIMBLE and fast is this roomy, 38-foot commuting cruiser that it will take you in a few minutes completely away from feverish business, boresome folk and congested highways. You may eat, bathe, sleep or just loaf aboard in complete privacy. The ship is completely sound; being provided with dishes, linen, silver, cooking utensils, gas stove, refrigerator and sleeping equipment . . . You may entertain distinguished guests or carry friends in approved fashion to club, regatta or social affair . . . Commuting from home to business is a delight in this 30-mile an hour, seaworthy, streamline Chris-Craft . . . Open forward cockpit, luxurious cabin, elevated bridge and rear cockpit offer variety for all moods. Let the Chris-Craft merchant show you how Chris-Craft ownership offers more real health and pleasure than you ever knew before. The 24 Chris-Craft 1930 models, are all explained in a new illustrated catalog. Chris Smith & Sons Boat Company, 202 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan.

Chris-Craft
World's Largest Builders
of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

Answers to Anagrins
(on page 11)

- (1) Poets.
- (2) Thimble.
- (3) Inside.
- (4) Subtle.
- (5) Janitor.
- (6) Gasoline.

"Racehorses feel the cold more acutely than other horses," says a writer. Still, there are always generous members of the public eager to put their shirts on the animals.

—The Humorist.

"Is there anything more exasperating than to have a wife who can cook but won't do it?" said the first man.

"Yes, indeed," said the other; "to have one that can't cook and will do it."

—Pearson's.

A new motor horn is said to make a noise like a chord on a harp. That's a nasty hint to pedestrians!

—Passing Show.



Play and Rest at Picturesque
Sedgefield—in Sunny
Carolina

OVERNIGHT from New York to superb golf on one of the finest courses in the south—grass greens. Riding and other outdoor sports amid beautiful natural surroundings. Sedgefield Inn offers accommodations to suit the most exacting. A delightful place for a visit, and a convenient week-end objective. Two hours by car from Pinehurst.

Folder on request.

SEDGEFIELD INN
SEDGEFIELD ... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

The Finest Speed Boats Money Can Buy Are HACKER Boats

Plan on motor boating. No other sport offers its equivalent in health, spirited thrills and real safety. No other sport offers every member of the family an equal opportunity to revel in the delights of the out-of-doors afloat. And you will find no other boat offering so much in hand-wrought beauty...in enduring design...in speed...stauntness...trim comforts...or maneuverability as a genuine Honduras mahogany Hackercraft! Compare thirty-six years' designing and building experience—an illustrious background of world famous racing triumphs—speed records in stock boat design without a parallel—a tangible superiority of performance. Hackercraft ownership is sought out by sportsmen and yachtsmen who know the advantages of paying slightly more for a much better product.

HACKER BOAT COMPANY
544 River Drive Mt. Clemens, Mich.



Ask for the New
Boat Catalog

Life's All-American Beauty Team!

*Do you know a girl who
looks like the girl on the Cover?*

The original painting will be presented to the girl who, in the opinion of James M. Flagg, most closely resembles it.

LIFE is going to debunk all beauty contests! There is no such thing as the American Beauty or "Miss America" and LIFE is going to prove it. The United States is full of American Beauties and each one a different type. The fifteen leading artists of the country are going to show their conceptions of the Ideal American Beauty and LIFE is going to find their prototypes in the flesh! And after the all-American Beauty Team has been selected LIFE is going to—well, watch for further developments!

IF YOU know of a girl who resembles this cover by James M. Flagg, have her send her photograph to LIFE. NO NAMES OR PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE PUBLISHED. All photographs must be mailed within two weeks of the date on the cover to LIFE'S All-American Team, 598 Madison Ave., New York, and none will be returned unless postage is enclosed. Professional artist's models are barred. Each week a prominent American artist will portray his conception of beauty on the cover of LIFE and each week the girl who most closely resembles it will be given the original painting.

Next Week's American Beauty
By BRADSHAW CRANDELL

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 7)

was everything of hers. All the intimate little things that belonged on her dressing table; the pants and the negligees and pajamas; the dressing set he'd given her for a wedding present; the going away dress she'd worn when they sailed for their honeymoon. It was too much. With a cry, he snapped the bag shut, hurried into his clothes and went out to his car.

Five hours later he slowed for the corner of the street that led to Whitepanel, and swung the wheel. His mind was far away, so he didn't see another car, spinning round the same corner from the opposite direction. With a crash they came together, slid across the road and banged into the curb. For a moment there was that death-like silence which follows a motor crash—then Bobby heard the driver of the other car coming to life.

"Where the hell do you think you're driving to, you big bum?"

It went through him like a knife. In less than a second he had climbed from behind his battered wheel and sprung into the seat of the other car. In another second the driver was in his arms, crying and laughing and clinging to him as if she were afraid somehow he might get away again.

He pointed to the suitcase that had bounced out onto the engine hood of the car and was perkily lying there, half open.

"Look at the damned thing. It's laughing at me!"

"I know," she said. "Mine too. Oh, Bobby, I stood it till I came to your shaving brush. It—" She broke off. He held her closer.

"It was still wet from your shaving your horrible hairy face."

When a lone policeman came upon them a half hour later their position was unaltered. He nosed around the wreck. Presently he called out, "Anyone smashed up?"

Bobby stuck his head out.

"No," he said, "but they nearly were."

"What the hell are you doing in there, then?"

"Just talking," said Bobby. He got out of the car. The cop recognized him. Bobby said, "come back in five minutes." The cop went off. If the Smiths, who he thought were mad anyway, wanted to run into each other in the middle of the night and then sit around and talk that was all right with him. Besides, there was a bill in his hand as he walked off.

"Let's get into the house," said Bobby. "I'm hungry."

He helped her out. They walked up the driveway and pushed open the door. In a big chair they saw Willingdrift dozing. He got up as they entered.

"Hallo, Willing," said Bobby. "We want something to eat."

"I've some dinner put away for you," said Willingdrift.

Bobby and Bunny exchanged glances. Willingdrift went on, "I thought you and Mrs. Bobby'd be hungry when you got back."

"What do you mean, 'when we got back'?" Bobby had the uncomfortable feeling that Willingdrift was kidding him. "You know damn well I told you we wouldn't be back!"

"I know," said Willingdrift. He was quite near the pantry door now, "but you see, Bobby, I packed your grips."

Bobby looked at his wife. She said, "I guess we've got to stay together now, just to please him."

"Just him?" said Bobby.

"That's all," said Bunny.

"You're a damned liar," said Bobby.

"Dinner is served," said Willingdrift.

*Smith gets in a jam next week.
Read CHOO-CHOO, Another WILLINGDRIFT Story.*

Movies

(Continued from Page 20)

bull fiddles and twenty-five or thirty musicians. Of course, a lot of us giggled, and the frequent recurrence of this unintended humor convinced us that only the most naive lovers of melodrama will find themselves sighing and crying in cadence with the ill-timed rhythm of Mr. Cummings' directorial baton.

Co-starred with Mr. Murray is another musical comedy luminary, Miss Norma Terris, late of the Ziegfeld production of "Showboat," who does a lot of acting, but, strangely enough, no singing. Her work is commendable, as is that of Mr. Robert Edeson who appears all too briefly. Another bright spot is the clowning of the negro comedian, Stepin Fetchit, who continues to be the one screen actor capable of making an audience laugh every time he opens his mouth.

The appearance of a group of bloodhounds in the last part of the picture reminded us of that famous line once used by a critic in reviewing a road show of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" . . .

"The bloodhounds were good, but were given poor support."



"We'll be waiting
for you in
Glacier Park"

There's a horse ready for you and a high-pommeled stock saddle. There are miles of winding high trails beckoning you. Ride, fish, hike, play golf this summer in Glacier National Park . . . the world's greatest dude ranch. Full information from Dude Ranch Dept., Room 706, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

GLACIER PARK
via Great Northern
"The World's Greatest Dude Ranch"



IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

**The road to friendship
is paved with winning
smiles.**

**For everybody loves a
smile that sparkles with
pearly WHITE teeth.**

**So chew the richly fla-
vored gum that keeps
teeth clean and gleam-
ing white.**

**Every day chew Dentyne
— the highest quality
gum on the market.**



Chew **DENTYNE**
.. and smile!



"The trouble with you, mother, is you're not sex-conscious!"

A PROMISE IS KEPT...



BEFORE this great hotel opened it promised to give 'something decidedly different' to the world in the hotel way. Just a few months have passed since the opening but it has kept its promise brilliantly. Reaching new heights for hotels...for, it was to be the tallest hostelry in the world. And, creating for hotel living a friendly hospitality...a hospitality that is strikingly modern in manner, yet refreshingly old-fashioned in spirit.

The hotel reflects this spirit throughout, even to the furnishings, combining as they do the finest of the modern with the charm of other periods. The four restaurants...offer such good old-fashioned dishes as Fricasee of Chicken and pumpkin pie to such contemporary delicacies as crepe suzettes...to please the most exacting epicurean.

Radio in every room...also tub and shower, Servidor, circulating ice-water...direct tunnel to the Pennsylvania Station, B. & O. Motor Coach connection...located in the heart of the midtown business district. \$3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are \$5 and less.

NEW YORKER BONBONNETTES

are NEW...delicious. Made from unique French recipes. Send \$2 for a souvenir lb. box...add 15¢ per lb. for packing and postage.

**THE
NEW YORKER**
RALPH HITZ, Managing Director HOTEL
34th St. & 8th Ave., New York City

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 29

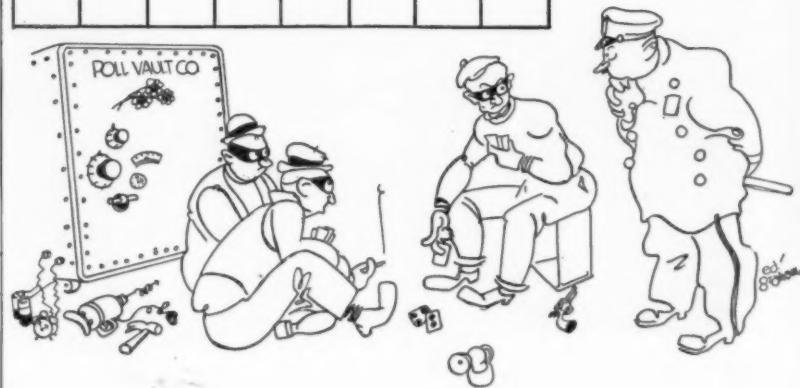
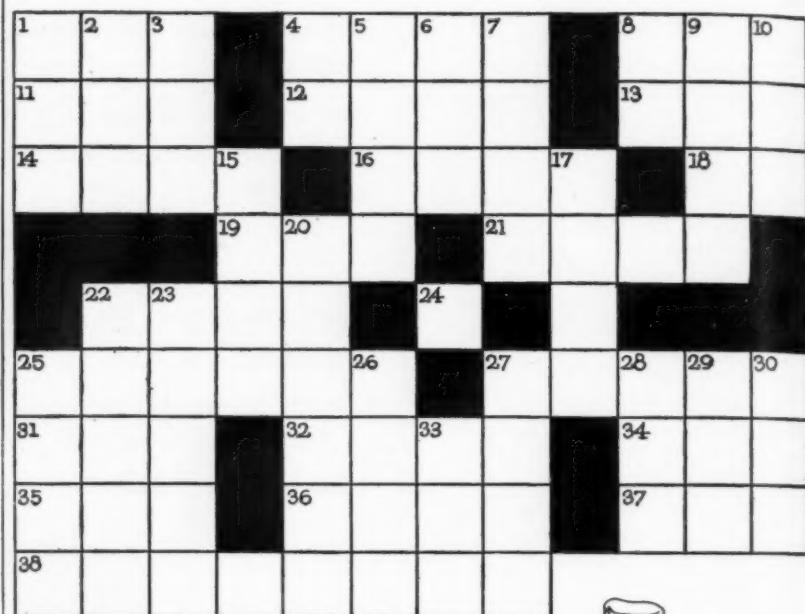
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Mar. 14. Winners will appear in the Apr. 4 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. This has pulling power.
4. What Mother puts in Dad's Xmas stocking.
8. Pronoun.
11. This is fearful.
12. Musical instrument.
13. It isn't right to do this.
14. You take a chance if you make these.
16. An old, old garden.
18. Indefinite article.
19. A mischievous young fellow.
21. Pretty, but dumb.
22. This often gets the kicks.
25. You can't play bridge without this.
27. Low brow guys.
31. This has a great punch.
32. This fellow goes wherever his dogs take him.
34. A shady proposition.
35. Third King of Judah.
36. What was the pen name of Charles Lamb?
37. It's hard to find this kind of spot in America.
38. A modern Tower of Babel.

VERTICAL

1. This goes for fare.
2. You must pay if you do this.
3. Just a little love.
4. The go-getter's motto.
5. No place for a wide-awake young man to be.
6. Used at an early seat of learning.
7. A poor thing to be in.
8. The (Archaic).
9. This is wordy.
10. A vase.
15. To move.
17. This smells good.
20. A musical composition.
22. The horrible example of the drys.
23. A fellow can't help being this.
24. Indefinite article.
25. A secret society.
26. A stitch in time will fix this.
27. This has whiskers on it.
28. A salutation.
29. A veteran traveler.
30. This is high, wide and handsome.
33. You'll find this in the best cellars.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND

NOW Even the Marooned may Send for LIFE!

New Scientific Principle Makes it Possible to Dispatch
Coupon from Post Officeless Vicinities!

IT isn't so much the physical hardship that makes maroondom dangerous . . . it's the effect on your mind if you let it grow stale! Just fall behind on your reading, and you'll see how hard it is to break back into society after you're rescued!

Save yourself this shame by attaching our especially constructed coupon to the wrist of your neighborhood albatross. Shoo him away, and sooner or later he'll be picked up by one of our patrol boats . . . and the next week you'll get your first copy of LIFE.



Note: The beauty of this coupon is its versatility; it may be used to advantage by marooned and unmarooned alike! So if you live at home instead of on an island, you'll find it fits an envelope almost as snugly as it does the pedal appendage of an albatross (*Diomedea Exulans*).

Cut Out
and
Slip this over
Albatross' Wrist

Dear LIFE:

Please send LIFE for one year to

Name.....

Address..... 628

.....

I Year (United States and Canada) \$5.00. Foreign \$6.60



Painted from an actual scene in Genoa, Italy—a Coca-Cola delivery truck lumbering over the cobblestones past the boyhood home (first house on the right) of the discoverer of America.



America's home town discovers *the pause that refreshes*



BACK TO GENOA! Through ancient city gates and narrow, twisting streets that wind among medieval churches and palaces to the boyhood home of Christopher Columbus. Back, as it were, to America's home town has come Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes*. * * * Thus has Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, caught the fancy of the world. Today it is served in seventy-six foreign countries. The same great drink that is ready ice-cold for you, around the corner from anywhere, in every city, town and hamlet in America—tempering the faster pace of these modern times as a reminder to *pause and refresh yourself*.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

32797

It had to be good to get where it is

